# FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About Their Old Campaigns.

WITH THE SCOUTS

Serg't Knight's Adventures in the Swamps of the Pamunkey. (Continued from last week.)

EING in fear of some kind of an ambush, it struck me forcibly that the best thing to do was to keep quiet until dark. I had lain still all day, so as not to move the tops of the bushes, and came to the conclusion to still continue the same tactics, although it would have been a great relief to me to change my position, for it seemed to me as though every bone and muscle in my person was aching, so that it appeared as if never would get over it. Added to this was hunger and thirst. I tried to dip up some water with my hands, but could not quite reach it, and would not meve for fear they were watching and would see the tops of the bushes shake

and give me a volley. It was a terribly long afternoon, but at last the sun went down, and very soon afterward I emerged from my hiding place and very care fully made my way out to the solid land, coming to it with my head held as low as possible. and sweeping the circumference of a half-circle, to see if I could discover anything that looked like my Confederate friends or horses between myself and the sky. After looking and listening for sometime, I could neither see nor hear anything suspicious, and so emerged from the swamp. As soon as I reached the solid ground I took off my boots and emptied them of the water that had been in them all day. Thinking what I should do myself if the position was reversed, and I the hunter instead of the hunted, I concluded not go to Pamunkeytown by the road, but make my way to the river, and in case no boat could be confiscated, swim to the other side and make my way down to the White

House as best I could. I soon found the river, and it was much nearer the road than where I had crossed the night before, owing to a bend in the stream at the place where I came to it. On reaching the river I discovered three men doing something on the shore, and leaving my dispatches hidden in a safe place I "fetched a traverse and snaked my way" up to where I could hear what they were saying and see what they were doing. A short observation showed me they were negroes. hanging up a seine on stakes along the shore. 1 goon satisfied myself there were no white men among them, and walked right up to them,

saying: "Good evening, boys; what luck?" They showed me two sturgeon they had caught, one of which was the largest I ever saw. After speaking of the size as being something uncommon, I said: "Boys, have you seen any of our soldiers around to-day?"

A tall mulatto, who appeared to have charge of things, said: "Yes; Lieut, Rodgers and three men swam their horses across here three times this evening; they went over first, then came back again, and just before dark went Dver again."

"Can you tell me where they are now?" "Just at dark they were over there," point ing with his hand, "by the old mill." "I wish I had been here before they crossed the last time: I should have been glad to have

met them. Do you know of any more of our men on this side of the river?" "Look yere, maussa; you aint one of our men, you aint."

"I aint? Well, tell me what I am, if I aint." "You's a Yankee, you is." "What makes you think so?"

"Oh, you don't talk like our felks does." Up to this time I had imagined I was playing the part of a Confederate rather successfully and to be detected by this fellow so easily made me ashamed. I had played the part of a Confederate Surgeon only the previous Winter, and knew that there was no suspicion on the part of several families of white people of my being anything than what I represented myself to be. It lowered me several pegs in my own estimation. The thought instantly came to me, You had better own up; these people will tell you more if they see you trust them.

"Suppose I were a Yankee, would you be tray me?"

"Well, boys, you are right; I am a Yankee, and a very hungry one, too. Can you get me something to eat? I have got plenty of money and will pay you well for anything you do for

"Don't want no pay, maussa. I will go right away and get you something," said the mu-

When he left I walked into the bushes, from which I had listened to their conversation, and the two who were left began asking all kinds of questions, one of which I remember well. They wanted to know if, when we got hold of any pegroes, we cut off one of their arms. I told them no, of course, and asked why they asked such a question as that. They

said the white folks told them so. Much sooner than I expected, the mulatto came back, bringing with him two pones of hot corn bread, a large pitcher of buttermilk and some of the fattest, rankest bacon I ever saw. Buttermilk I always detested; bacon, even the best of it, never was a favorite; but I got away with everything-buttermilk and all. After eating, I began inquiring in my turn, and found that I was about eight miles above the White House; that no Yankees had come there that day, they felt certain, as they would have heard the steamers' whistles; for they had been on the river all day. In looking at their boats, I found one about 10 feet long, made of five pieces of boards. The bow was about four inches wide; stern, 14 inches; sides and bottom made of half-inch stuff; bow and stern pieces of inch boards. In the center, the boat was about 20 inches wide. When I found the mulatto knew the channel of the river, I offered him \$10 to take me down and land me at Pamunkeytown. Before getting through I offered \$50, but soon discovered that money was no inducement to him. While friendly to me personally, and Yankees in general, and he hoped they would be successful, he thought more of himself than anything else. He also knew that Lieut. Rodgers and his three men were on the south side of the river; how many more might be there he could not tell. He also knew that in rowing he would make considerable unavoidable noise. and that a pistol-shot, even, fired from the shore, would kill, provided it hit, and his belief was that he would be killed if he went. He would sell the small boat and throw in a paddle for \$5. He also had something that he had found on the south side of the river in 1862, after McClellan had gone from there. "There was glass in both ends, and there was two of them fastened together, side by side," he said, and that if I would wait he would "go to the house and get it." He went, and brought back a fieldglass, that, as near as I could judge after dark, was a tolerably good one, and I gave him \$5 for that. I then made him the offer of \$50 again to go down the river with me, and told him that I had lost all of that day, and that was the reason why I would give him that amount.

Said he: "You is the man that Lieut, Rodgers run in the swamp this morning soon after sun up. Well, sir, Lieut, Rodgers cussed like the debil for bein' a d-d fool for to holler at you. Shore you carry dispatches, and he say he have you shore befoh you git two miles

from dis place." When I saw there was no further use in endeavoring to overcome the timidity of the mulatto, I stepped into the boat, and seating myself in the stern. I began using the paddle, and soon discovered the tide was against me, and that my progress was altogether too slow to reach Pamunkevtown or the White House in any reasonable time. The idea came to my mind to run in close to shore and use the paddle as a "setting pole." When I put it in practice it worked to a charm. By using the blade so that I could draw it edgewise through the water, I soon found that I was going faster than I could walk, and making no noise that could be heard even at a short distance. Keeping along the north shore for a mile or more I found a bayou, and concluded, as I knew nothing of the channel, to follow the shore even if lieving that in this case "the longest way

around is the shortest way home." I had just got into the channel again, and

and weman on the top of the bluff. Scarcely had I discovered them when a stone thrown, no doubt, by the man, as large as he could conveniently hold, struck the water not a foot from the boat, barely missing it. Had it struck in the beat it would have gone through the bottom like a shot, and stopped my trip by water. An instant's thought satisfied me that I had not been seen, which was confirmed immediately by the voice of the woman saying: What a splash!" Giving several vigorous shoves with the paddle, I was soon out of reach of any more "dornicks," should the notion take the stranger to make another splash.

There were plenty of bayous, which I followed the configuration of until I felt certain that the distance to the White House could not be over four miles, when the sweetest music that ever struck mortal ears was plainly borne to mine. It was the shrill, and, at the same time, hoarse whistle of a steamer. I was making good progress when the sound first came to my ears, but when I heard it and knew, as I did, that Baldy Smith must have arrived at the White House, new vigor was imparted to my muscles, and the cockle-shell I was in fairly

Before going over a mile from where I was when the first whistle sounded five or six more | ure her. were heard, which did not cause me to lessen my exertions. At last the whistling became almost continuous. I knew that there was a large house on the south side of the river, one mile above the White House, called Eltham, When I got there I concluded to land and sneak around to the negro quarters and wake one of them, and get him to guide me through the fields to the landing. Crossing the river and running my boat ashore, I stepped out and listened a moment, and could hear no noise of any kind, except the cries of insects. Following a path that was plainly to be seen by the white sand where the grass had been trodden out by constant use, I passed around to the rear of the mansion and knocked on the door of one of the quarters. Immediately came a coarse, low growl from a dog that was somewhere outside, whether fastened or loose I could not tell. I got no response to my first rap, and tried it again. This time a londer growl. and one that very plainly showed me the dog was a large one, came from the same direction as the firs'. After thinking the matter over a moment, it struck me that the most sensible thing to do would be to go back to the river and resume the boat, cross over to the north bank, and escape being fired at by our own pickets, which I imagined would be close to the shore immediately below Eltham. I had nearly reached the shore when a startled voice rang out. "Halt! Who goes there!"

"Who are you?" said I. "Who are you?" said the challenger. "Do you belong to the Union army?" said I. What the answer was I don't remember, but I do know that it was such as convinced me I was parleying with a Northern man, and I said, "It is all right; I can tell you are a Union sol-

Without saying whether this was true or not, he insisted on knowing who I was, and I told my mission. While the sentry and myself had been trying to ascertain each other's status, men had been rising from the ground all around me; three or four rose within a yard of me, and when I declared that I was carrying dissaid, "I will take this," and put his hand on the paddle which I was holding, with the blade resting on the ground. It looked to him in the darkness like a gun. They huddled around me, and wanted to know how I got there. I answered that I had come down the river; which did not satisfy them at all.

"How did you come here, right where you are standing now?" "As I told you before, I came down the river in a boat, and landed at the foot of this path; came up this path, and went to the rear of the house yonder to see if could find a negro to guide me through the fields to the landing, When I knocked on the door, I heard a dog in the yard growl; the more I knocked the worse he growled. I did not know how many Johnnies might be around, for they are always of our forces. In 1862, when we landed here

under McClellan, two or three pickets were

within a mile of this place. Knowing their

nocturnal habits, and having a lively desire to keep my hide whole, I concluded to go back to my boat and resume by journey by water." It took some time to make them believe that I had passed through them and they had not heard me, but it was more astonishing to think I had not heard anything of them. I took them down to the boat and got the dispatches, which were rolled up in my coat in the bow. When they saw the boat they began to believe me. The Lieutenant in charge said he would have to keep me until morning. There was not a match in the party, and there was no way of verifying my story until daylight .- Judson KNIGHT, Washington, D. C.

#### THE MAGNOLIA.

(To be continued)

Seaman Sibley Says the South Carolina's Tars were First on Board.

N your issue of Nov. 17, 1892, Comrade Wm. Simmons has an article on the capture of the rebel steamer Magnolia, which was in answer to an article written by me some time ago. He says the U.S.S. South Carolina may have captured a sloop or schooner of the same name, as the South Carolina was on blockade duty off Mobile about that time. I wish to inform Comrade Simmons that I

did then know the difference between a sidewheel steamer and a sloop, and I think I do now. As to the South Carolina being on blockade duty off Mobile at that time, his journal will tell him so if it is correct. He says he does not know what the chronological records of the war say on the subject, neither does he care, but the facts are copied from his journal,

which he kept at that time. Now, I think THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE had better either get that journal or stop publishing the record. Comrade Simmons says we thus depriving the crews of the Powhatan and want facts. Some months ago Comrade Simmons wrote an article entitled "The Cruise of the Brooklyn." I was very much interested in the article, until I found he was claiming that which he was not entitled to; among other things, the capture of the rebel blockade-run- Ave., New York City. ner Magnolia. In that article he did admit that the U.S.S. South Carolina shared in the prize-money, but failed to tell why.

I wrote an article disputing his claim, but it never was published. I afterwards wrote another, which called him out again, Nov. 17 last. I claimed in my first article that the South Carolina was entitled to as much credit in that capture as the Brooklyn; for if the South Carolina had not been where she was, and had not acted promptly, the Magnolia would

have escaped. complete account of the capture again; but as my memory serves me at the present time, presume that if he has anything right it is by this I do know, that three boats' crews from on matters that pertain to that memorable enthe South Carolina were on board of the Magnolis hard at work putting out the fire among the cotton, which the crew started before they left the steamer, before the Brooklyn came in sight out of the fog, and at least half an hour after the firing of the Brooklyn's guns, which Comrade Simmons refers to. I failed to see any marks of shot or shell on the Magnolia. I was he is mounted, as I was during the entire enthe third man on board of her, and found the gagement. Engineer and helped carry him into the cabin, where we made him as comfortable as possible. He died that night and was buried at Ship Island, as Comrade Simmons says. He told several of us, when we questioned him, why he did not leave the steamer when the rest of the crew did, that he was in the engine-room tryng to disable the engine, and in doing so broke the connection between the engine and boiler.

and the escaping steam scalded him. The South Carolina conveyed the Magnolia to Ship Island, and from there she was sent North and sold. The records at Washington say that I received a share of the prize-money. A brother has a merschaum pipe, which money would not buy, which I captured on board of the Magnolia, together with a lot of silverplated spoons, with which I supplied our mess. Now, don't call me Ben. I also got an umbrella and an overcoat and plug hat, which some sonof-a-gun of the Brooklyn stole from me, and I

now believe his name was Wm. Simmons. Now, dear old TRIBUNE, give us facts, even if you have to forage that journal.—EMORY SIBLEY, Ordinary Seaman, U. S. S. South Carolina, Pioneer, O.

## An Army of Ailments

Lies in ambush for persons who postpone reformit did increase the distance considerably, be- ing a disordered condition of the stomach, liver, and bowels. For unhealthful condition of these organs, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a sovereign remedy, and against the ills to which they give was close in-shore, under an almost perpendic- rise an adequate defence. Be on time if you are ular bluff, when I heard voices on shore that troubled with indigestion, liver complaint or consounded above me. Looking upward I dis- stipation. The Bitters will cure these, as well as covered, silhouetted against the sky, a man malarial nervous and kidney silments.

THE STONEWALL.

The Reason the Tallapoosa's Sailors Did Not Get Prize-Money. TN a recent number of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE I read a very interesting account of the career of the rebel ironclad ram Stonewall. I well remember the ram Stonewall, as I had the honor to serve on one of the vessels that caused her surrender in

the harbor of Havana, Cuba.

During the Winter of 1864, while on duty along the Gulf Coast of Florida, the U. S. S. Tallapoosa burst her forward 100 pounder Parrott gun, and had been ordered to Key West to replace it. We had procured a new gun, coaled ship, and were lying at the wharf in Key West waiting for orders. Our Captain being away on leave of absence, we had as commanding officer at the time Lieut, Comd'r O. F. Stanton, who had been Executive Officer of the | Lieut. Rankin Replies to the Few Facts of Powhatan. He came on board one evening in a great hurry, with orders to get up steam and proceed immediately to sea under sealed orders. Getting out of the harbor the Captain opened and read his orders, and we then learned that the ram Stonewall had arrived at Havana, and we had been ordered there to, if possible, capt-

On arriving off Havana we found there the U. S. sloop-of-war Powhatan and the bark Aries. The vessels took a position off the harbor about three miles from land, which position they retained all day and the following night to prevent the escape of the Stonewall. The following morning the dispatch-boat Sunflower arrived from Key West with a large squad of marines, but as our Captain wished no marines they were placed on the Powhatan. After a consultation between the Captains of the Powhatan and Tallapoosa it was decided to send the Sunflower into Havana with a challenge to the Stonewall to come out and fight us. The Sunflower departed on her mission and returned with the information that the Captain of the Stonewall had accepted our challenge and would be out at sunrise the following morning. We immediately began to make preparations to properly receive the ram; topmasts were lowered, solid shot placed near the guns, small-arms overhauled, etc. All night we kept a vigilant watch on the barbor. At an early hour the following morning all

hands were called and breakfasted, and the

ship placed in proper order for the expected to be called to quarters at a moment's notice. Our Captain took a position on the starboard paddle-box, which position he retained the entire morning, watching the entrance to the harbor. Sunrise came, and the morning wore the ram failed to make her appearance by the early afternoon, it was decided to send the dispatch boat again into the harbor to ascertain the cause of the non-ap- that regiment." pearance of the ram. She returned with the information that the Stonewall had surrendered to the Spanish authorities. On receiving this information, the Powhatan and Sunflower left for Key West to report to the Admiral leaving the Tallapoosa to guard the harbor and wait for orders. The Sunflower returned from Key West with orders to the Tallapoosa to enter the harbor and take possession of the Stonewall. | apparent when he says: 'There was probably patches from Gen. Grant, one man, who had We entered the harbor, dropped anchor, saluted | not one man in a hundred of the 27th Ind. risen from the ground within two feet of me, the Spanish flag, and our Captain, Chief Engineer, and Paymaster entering the boat, of which after they had left their works at C." I was Coxswain, we pulled for the Stonewall. which lay at the Government wharf, some distance up the harbor. On approaching the Stonewall we found her in possession of some Spanish soldiers, who at first refused to allow us on board, but, disregarding their threatening bayonets. I sprang on deck and assisted the Captain and other officers on board, when we proceeded to make a thorough inspection of the ram, which we found a very formidable vessel, In her bow was built a strong ironclad room, from the forward port of which protruded the muzzle of a 300 pounder Armstrong gun, on the breech of which was the inscription, "Sir John Armstrong, Newcastle-on-Tyne-300-pounder." Directly under the gun was built an enormous iron ram, which projected from the bow some prowling around just on the outskirts of any | 15 or 20 feet. Near the stern of the vessel was built an iron turret containing two 70-pounder Armstrong guns bearing the same legend as the found the next morning with their throats cut, 300-pounder. This turret also contained a number of handles connected with bells in the engine room and the steering wheel below, on the lower deck, which were manipulated by the commanding officer in the turret during an action. As it appeared, few of the crew were exposed. On descending to the lower deck we found it securely braced by iron bars and stanchions in every conceivable direction. We found her in all respects a most powerful vessel, and had she appeared in answer to our challenge she would have given the United States wooden vessels a pretty severe fight. Having finished our inspection we returned to the Tallapoosa, which proceeded immedi-

ately to Key West, where our Captain reported the case to the Admiral, who at once notified the authorities at Washington of the facts in

the case. Our Government immediately began a correspondence with the Spanish authorities, which resulted in a few weeks in the delivery of the Stonewall to the United States authorities, by whom she was subsequently sold to Japan for

While in Havana I met several of the crew of the Stonewall, and I asked them why, after accepting our challenge to fight, the Stonewall had not made her appearance. They informed me that on the arrival of the Stonewall at Havana a large number of the crew had deserted, and upon receiving our challenge their Captain had accepted it, thinking he could enlist a full crew in Havana by offering a bounty of \$50 a man. He succeeded by this means in procuring some men, but not a sufficient number to properly man and fight his ship, and he did not wish to engage two United States vessels shorthanded; and as the Spanish authorities refused to allow him to remain longer in Havana, the only alternative was to surrender, and instead of leaving the harbor and surrendering to the United States vessels he delivered his ship to the Spanish authorities. Tallapoosa of the prize-money to which they would otherwise have been entitled. -GEORGE W. BROWER, U. S. S. Tallapoosa, East Gulf Blockading Squadron: Past Captain, Farragut Association U. S. Naval Veterans, 513 College

#### CARROLL'S BRIGADE.

The Color-Bearer Gives Some Recollection of the Gettysburg Fight.

N reading over "Picket Shots" in THE read an article by Chas. C. Callahan, Lieutenant Colonel, 4th Ohio, concerngagement. And for the benefit of all parties concerned, I will further state that I was detailed from my company to carry Carroll's Brigade Headquarters flag in that battle, which was, as a position, very trying and unenviable. as a flag-bearer is constantly being shot at, and cannot return the compliment; particularly if

In changing our position from left center of Cemetery Hights to the right center in the evening of July 2, I saw several brave boysmembers of the old 14th Ind. and the 7th W Va .- go down to rise no more until the grand roll-call, and as Comrade Callahan states in his communication above referred to, I have no doubt but what he saw several of the brave boys of the 4th Obio fall as we passed through those batteries on east Cemetery Hill that terrible evening. There were no Union troops in our front, as we fought and drove the Louisiana Tigers back down the hill and over the occupied almost the whole time during the

balance of that memorable engagement. After we had successfully cleared our front and had advanced our line of skirmishers to connect with other Union troops on both flanks. I got permission to take a lot of empty canteens and go down a lane to a well directly in front of our brigade, and there I found many wounded and dead rebels. Among them was an officer of high rank; I think he was a brigade or division commander.

After filling my canteens at the well, I gave several of the wounded rebels what water they wanted, and then returned to my brigade and helped to give the cool and refreshing water to our wounded comrades, who were about this time being removed on stretchers and in ambulances to the field hospital, then temporarily ocated directly in the rear of center of Cemetery Hights.

As I now remember, I think that the other regiment of that famous old brigade, the 8th Ohio, was guarding a wagon-train, and were not with us on that "long-to-be-remembered" | cago.

evening of July 2, 1863. As I hope to hear from some of the old members of that brigade in the near future I shall be pleased to learn whether I am right or wrong in relation to the whereabouts of the 8th Ohio at that particular

In conclusion, allow me to state that from the siege of Yorktown, Va., in the Spring of 1862, until August, 1863, I was on detached service at the different headquarters of corps, division, and brigades of the Second Corps, and from August, 1863, until August, 1865, I was with my regiment-the 6th N. Y. Cav., Second Brigade, First Division, Cavalry Corps, Gen. P. H. Sheridan commanding .- JOHN P. AMES, Private, Troop K, 6th N. Y. Cav., Ogdensburg, N.

#### AT GETTYSBURG.

Comrade Jones.

I desire to reply briefly to the "few facts" contributed to our Gettysburg controversy by Comrade A. Sheridan Jones. I agree with the comrade that many contributors to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE "are sometimes liable to write about as they feel, rather than as they know," and to "assert quite positively some things which are only guessed at." In the first part of his article Comrade Jones

says: "I have not seen the report of the Adjutant-General of the State of Massachusetts, and do not know what there is charged prejudicial to the courage and good record of the 27th

The first article that was published concerning this matter, and which contained the map that Comrade Jones criticises, contained all that was said in the Adjutant-General's report on the subject. If he is ignorant of its purport he has no one to blame but himself. None are so blind as those who will not see. In regard to the position of the 3d Wis., Comrade Jones says: "When in a former issue he (Rankin) charged that the 3d Wis. was 150 yards to the rear at the time this affair took place, did it require any particular ability? And did he know it, or did he only guess at it? And at the close of his last letter, where he again relegated the same regiment to the rear with a little touch of sarcasm, did it require any particular ability?"

No. I have not guessed at the position of the 3d Wis. I know it as well as I know anybattle, while all hands remained in readiness | thing. I have the evidence of my own memory, and my memory is supported by evidence that neither Comrade Jones nor anyone else can controvert. On page 779, Vol. 27, Part 1, of the Rebellion Records, in Gen. Ruger's official report, there is a map in which the posislowly away, keeping the crews of the tion of our brigade is given, and according to vessels in a state of suspense, and, as that map the position of the 3d Wis, is about 150 yards in the rear. Despite such evidence as this, Comrade Jones says: "The 3d Wis. was in line with the 2d Mass., and to the left of

Some of the comrade's questions are veritable conundrums. He appears to think that it is smirching the good name of a regiment to say it occupied a position where it was placed by the General in command. If his language has any other meaning. I cannot tell what it is. I quote further: "The comrade's (Rankin's) innocence in all this correspondence is quite who knew what had become of the 2d Mass.

Well, that is easily explained. When the 2d Mass, started from C, it was soon lost to our view in the woods, and we could not tell what direction it took, and when it reached the open ground it was so remote from the 27th that it was only by chance that any member of the 27th would see the 2d Mass., and, then, if he did see the regiment he had no means of knowing at the time whether it was the 2d Mass. or some other regiment. This seems to me reasonable, but Comrade Jones says it is "in-

I quote again: "According to Comrade Rankin's statements, the 2d Mass. might have moved directly across the meadow at C, and been driven ignorant of the fact for many years. He admits this, yet he says: 'When I opened this discus- | Triplets, the Depue brothers, J. B., John, and sion I knew exactly what I was talking about." This not "innocent"; it is unfair. Because I was ignorant of the exact movements of the

2d Mass, at the time of the battle, it does not follow that I was ignorant of them at the opening of this controversy. The statement refers to the time of the battle, and Comrade of this controversy. Shortly after this affair of the two regiments I left the field on account of a wound. If I John and Samuel; the Keedy brothers, Z. P.

over, perhaps I would have known that the Thomas; the Shadell brothers, A. I. and Wilregiment I saw at F was the 2d Mass. Very likely other members of the 27th who remained | M.: the Youngblood brothers, Henry and Soloon the field knew all about the movements of the 2d Mass., but having never seen the slander | George; the Williams brothers, George and

points in Comrade Jones's article. He intro- the Talley brothers, Reuben and William; the will never be forgotten, and I wish most earduces a great many details that have no bear- Odell brothers, sons of Abraham Odell, and the | nestly for their success in this life to both." ing on the main question. In some parts his ideas are badly squabbled, but if he will try | triplets. again, and put them into intelligible English, I will answer them if I can.

The position of the 3d Wis. is only incidental to this controversy. The real question is, did the 27th Ind. and 2d Mass, enter the meadow in line together, and did the 27th give way and leave the 2d Mass, to fight alone? This was affirmed by the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts. Comrade Hinckley substantially indorses the Adjutant-General. I have proved the statement a villainous slander. Comrade Jones himself, in the following extract, sustains what I have been contending for all different places and under different conditions: "I saw the 2d Mass. go over their works and start across the little meadow in our front. taking a direction which brought them between us and the enemy. Our boys cried out: See, there goes the 2d.' Col. Hawley comto go in too, but they did not come. In another minute the 2d Mass. was being cut down in our front like grass before a prairie fire. At gaged, remember, "I saw the 27th enter the meadow away to the right" [italics the subscriber's] "and in the narrow part of the meadow or swale."

This does not read like the two regiments moved to the attack in line together. I have pursued this controversy in the interest of truth alone, and I believe every unprejudiced reader will bear me out in this claim. In what interest is Comrade A. Sheridan Jones NATIONAL TRIBUNE of Oct. 27, 1892, I | writing? He enters with a flourish, supports me on the main question, criticizes my style. elaborately goes into the minor details, and ing the part taken by Carroll's Brigade on the furnishes besides a lot of words signifying evening of July 2, 1863, at the batte of Gettys- nothing. After his astounding misstatements I have not the time nor disposition to write a burg, which I believe to be true in all respects, of the position of his own regiment, it is fair to

> No man has a right to receive benefit from stolen goods. No regiment has a right to receive credit as a result of slander. The earnestness with which the 3d Wis. comrades have come to the defense of the 2d Mass, in its occupancy of the latter position indicates the holy ties by which some comrades are bound Washington, D. C.

#### Want to Get Married.

The following desire correspondence with a view to matrimony. References must be exchanged in all cases. Unsatisfactory letters will not be answered. The names and addresses are: Dana Fuller, Troy, Vt.; A. J. L., Box 106, Port Angeles, Wash.; William P. Bane, Nineveh, Pa., (lady must be six feet six inches in hight, no less); John Hunter, Kan.; Josephine Moore, West Troy, N. Y.; C. F., Box 22, Ohio City, O.; Clark Lewis, Port Allegany, Pa.; Jane Trip, Port Allegany, Pa.; Mrs. Lavina stone fence in our front, which position we Eleay, Port Allegany, Pa.; Mrs. Almira Vannatter, Port Aflegany, Pa.; Mrs. Sybil Gary, Allegany, Pa.

> California in Three and One-half Days. If you are going to California and desire to make the journey in the most economical, quick, and the journey in the most economical, quick, and comfortable manner, purchase your ticket via the Chicago, Northwestern, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific R'ys. Pullman drawing-room sleeping-cars are run from Chicago to San Francisco without change in three and one-half days. Completely furnished tourist sleeping-cars are also run, in which accommodations can be procured by passengers holding either first or second-class tickets at a cost of only \$4.00 per berth from Chicago to San Francisco and other California points. The to San Francisco and other California points. The hour of departure of trains from Chicago affords prompt connection with all trains from the East and South. Variable route excursion tickets, allowing nine months' stay in the health-giving climate of California, second-class tickets at low rates, sleeping-car reservations and full informatics, sleeping-car reservations and full informatics, sleeping-car reservations and full informatics. tion can be procured of any ticket agent, or by addressing W. A. Thrall, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago & North-Western R'y, Chi-

### PICKET SHOTS.

Friendship and Goodwill.

J. REAGIN, Lieutenant, 2d Iowa,

Bloomfield, Iowa, says that probably

From Alert Comrades All Along the

there is no class of men who have more lasting friendship for each other than those who have shared hardships together. The mountain men and the miners never tire in telling of their experiences, and their love and friendship for each other is lasting and true. Just so with the soldiers who have traveled the iron path of war together. As years pass by we become more and more like a band of brothers, and it is well that we feel friendly toward each other; for the time may yet come in our day when we will have to stand shoulder to shoulder, vindicating our rights and show to the world that loyalty is not at a discount in this country, and that the cause for which the Union soldier fought was right, and that the sacrifice of life, health, and time in the very prime of our lives was no trifling sacrifice. He is glad we have soldier-loving papers as well as soldier-hating papers; and it is the duty of every soldier to take one or more soldier papers. He helped to tumble a copperhead press in the river at Keokuk, Iowa, during the war, and he feels at times now-as old and broken in health as he is-that he would like to take some of these mangy snides by the nape of the neck and teach them at least to pay a little respect to our age. There was a time when we were bully boy with a glass eye. "Going to enlist, eh? That's right, my boy; and if you should live to get home there shall be nothing too good for you." And now these cowards, that lacked courage to go themselves, but encouraged others to go, are crying pension frauds, theives, robbers, etc. He is glad to see the boys assisting each other through THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE to locations. He is desirous of establishing himself somewhere in the South or West in the harness manufacturing business, or he would accept a steady job of

The Cannon at Averysboro. M. D. Grimshaw, Corporal, Co. E, 73d Ohio, Callao, Mo., says he read the statement of J. Rock Williamson, Sergeant, Co. G, 105th Ill., First Brigade, Third Division, Twentieth Corps, as to who is entitled to the credit of capturing the cannon at the battle of Avervsboro, N. C., March 16, 1865. The writer did not see who captured it, but he saw it in a very few minutes after it was taken. He saw the Major commanding the 1st S. C. H. A., who was killed near the gun, and he had the pleasure of pulling two of the spikes out of the guns the rebels had hastily spiked. He was directly in the rear of the First Brigade when it charged the battery, and went immediately on after them, and then went back to the farmhouse as the prisoners went. He was there in the evening, and saw the limbs of the wounded that the Surgeous amputated, lying in a pile against the you to see so much?" "I belonged to the regimental foragers; was under a Lieutenant of our regiment. We tried to get out in the morning, but couldn't, so we left our horses with a guard, and during the day the Lieutenant and the writer went back to the horses, and immediately an officer came riding up and handed the Lieutenant a paper. He ordered the writer to go with him, and we started and got near the First Brigade just as

weather bad for his bones.

it made its charge, and we followed on with the above results.' A Brotherly Regiment. William Chastam, Delta, Mo., says that he saw in the issue of Nov. 3, 1892, under the head of Picket Shots, Isaac S. Cramer's telling how many pairs of brothers were in his company. ord. We had triplets and pairs as follows: Ralph; the McGinnis brothers, sons of Daniel McGinnis, John, James, and Bruce: the Mc-Ginnis brothers, sons of William McGinness, John, William, and Marion: the Odell brothers, sons of Samuel Odell, Jeremiah, John, and Abraham: the Barnes brothers, James W., brothers, Henry, Walden, and Asa, making in all six sets of triplets. Pairs-Kelsey brothers. liam: the Stroup brothers, Samuel and James mon; the O'Quin brothers, Joseph W. and I have now answered the more important | Thomas; the Dill brothers, George and James;

The Loyal Mountaineers. R. P., Fifteenth Corps, Culpeper, Va., writes: "Soldiers, are you reading 'Capt. Dan Ellis's Story'? Have you ever noticed that there has never been a break in the enormous Ostenaula River. The battery operated efmajorities these loyal mountaineers roll up fectively throughout the battle, sileuced and since the war? Why? They know what loyalty cost. They have not forgotten, as is the case with far too many of us, that this was a sustaining no loss. It was supported in this political war, and is going on just the same, on battle by the 27th, 39th, 43d, and 63d Ohio. exactly the same issues, only with ballots instead of bullets. Has any one ever found had the experience of seeing the preliminary among these hardy mountaineers an element | movements and preparations for a general enthe time-that the two regiments fought at | that is so common among our soldiers North, and known as freaks, frauds, fads, fanatics, populists, prohibitionists, etc.? No, they are sweet melodies. He does not know what effect not afflicted with mugwumpery, greenbackery, tariff reform. In these degenerate days, when old-fashioned patriotism seems to be on the decline, and when we need so much to call back manded us to be ready; and we expected orders | the spirits of Lincoln and Grant, and Morton and Ben Wade, and Thad Stevens and Brown- and scary all through the engagement, until low, we commend the ex-soldiers of the Nation | they witnessed the magnificent charge of the to the loyal, self-sacrificing heroes of East about this time" [after the 2d has become en- Tennessee, where patriotism still exists in its Personal.

Inman brothers; making 14 pairs and six

A. Langenback, Clarence, Mo., writes: "I was at Washington at the National Encampment and called at your office, but the Editor was just out to see a comrade. I enjoyed the Johnnies thought about it. They skedaddled, grand sights of the city in company with my daughter, and then took a trip to the Second Bull Run battlefield, where my regiment-the 21st N. Y .- fought on Aug. 30, 1862. Through the kindness of the present proprietor. I was able to find the exact place, and I located and showed to my daughter the very spot where I was shot down in the battle. We brought with | Hudson, Co. K, was the first man killed by a us a small bag of the soil from the spot where | solid shot. Lieut.-Col. Day is dead. Serg't my blood spilled, and have it now in a flower-pot | Wilhite, Co. K, was mortally wounded on the in my house."

Jasper Lathrin, Box 339, Fresno, Cal., is a young man, honorable in all respects; age 27; of medium hight and weight, dark complexioned, dark hair and blue eyes, and is a rancher; wishes to correspond with a number of young ladies. Object, amusement and what may result.

Homes for Settlers. J. T. Stanhope, Forum, Ark., writes: "We would like to have a few hundred old soldiers who want to settle in a good, healthy country. to come here and locate among us. Any who want to know about north Arkansas, who will

write to me, with a stamp inclosed, I will give

them all the information I can, and upon the

honor of a soldier."

W. A. Warren, Andrew Sharpshooters. Gainesville, Ga., writes: "I have been wandering about for several years, meeting none of the G.A.R., to which I once belonged, and seeing none of the organs of the Order until lately. when a copy of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE fell into my hands. This revived my interest in the veterans. Seeing so much of the experiences Port Allegany, Pa., and Elisha Bently, Port of the various organizations, I naturally wonder if my little old organization has been written upon by any of its survivors. If not, may be I will give a note or two on the subject. would be glad to hear from any of my old comrades. I have been South nine years, looking for that 'best place to live.' Being in poor health, I have settled upon this section as being the most desirable. It is very healthy; has good, cool water, productive land, cheap living,

and extra good climate. Why not gather to-

gether a Corporal's guard of pensioners?" Who Wants It? Comrade D. S. Altman, 210 Cedar street, Ottawa, Kan., has a very desirable fruit farm four miles from the city, which he wants to sell, as he is in straitened circumstances. It bottom land, and has 18 acres of nice timber, a log-house, and other improvements. It has 500 \$3.500 for it, of which \$2,000 must be cash.

# Agents Wanted, Comrades Preferred,

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The War Photograph Company, No. 21 Linden Place, Hartford, Conn. Mention The National Tribune.

Information Asked and Given. W. H. McLaughlin, Co. H, 65th N. Y., Box 362, Watertown, S. D., wants the addresses of some of the members of his company and regiment. He would especially like to hear from Capt. Charles Ball, Orderly-Sergeants John Buckley and William McKinney, Privates John Spear, and three comrades by the name of Welch. He desires this information to assist him in proving his claim for pension. William Thorburn, Co. M, 1st Wis. H. A.,

Waterville, Minn., wants the addresses of comrades living in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia, as he wants information in regard to climate and price of improved and unimproved Frank Williams, Antioch, Ill., wants the address of J. K. Hutchinson, President of the Michigan Soldiers' Colony Association.

H. B. Booth, Co. H. 27th Iowa, Rowley, Iowa, desires to ask the old comrades of Iowa if any of them would like a light and profitable business to work among the G.A.R. Posts and W.R.C. Societies. All inquiries carefully answered. He also would like to hear through THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE from Comrade Fred Penny, of Stacyville, Minn., on capture and execution of the guerrilla and spy, Shelby Cole. Comrade Penny had his throat cut while in a hand-to-hand conflict with Cole, and came near ) losing his life. Now, comrades, tell us what you know about this terrible affair. Some of the rest of us have told what little we know. My work. He is a good workman, but finds cold opinion is that you can tell us something new. John Gebhardt, Syracuse, N. Y., wants to

> A soldier's daughter, who lives at 94 West Maiden street, Washington, Pa., wants a situation as housekeeper. J. A. Dillon, Co. E, 47th Ill., Tecumseh, Neb. says that if the G.A.R. Memorial Hall is built in Decatur, Ill., Heckethorn Post, 47, has its donation ready. He would like for some one to tell him what became of our extra baggage that we left behind us when we departed from Memphis, Tenn. He had several blankets, etc.,

know when and where and how the death of

Jacob Walsh and Joseph Schilling came about.

They were members of Co. B, 149th N. Y.

This regiment was mustered in at Syracuse.

in that baggage. Perhaps they were killed or captured. Joseph Roberts, Co. B, 2d Ark., New Richmond, O., writes: "I am one of the readers of your noble paper, and have been for about a year. I will say it affords me more pleasure than any aper I have ever read, especially the story of Capt. Dan Ellis. I have been noticing very closely to see something of the colored troops' work, and have seen very little. Why is it? Don't they write to your paper? I ask you for this information, hoping I shall receive a reply. Can you tell me the name of the officer and what regiment held the extreme left of Battery A at the battle of Helena, Ark., July 4. 1863? Mine was one of the two companies made up at Helena, and after the battle was put in the marine service." A Pleasant Reminder.

Geo. S. Burnham, Hartford, Conn., writes: 'When I was in Washington in the Grand Parade on Sept. 20, I received such kindness that I do not feel right to keep it to myself any longer. I took part in the parade with Robert back again, and he and his regiment remain Now, my company (G. 24th Mo.) beats the rec- O. Tyler Post, 50; not fit to go, but determined to have both feet in it, and did so. I felt so sick on the march that I could not see 10 feet from me on the latter part of the route, but bound to keep there till I dropped. When well by the reviewing stands I was obliged to leave, and went to the engine house in rear of a small park. I met there a man in every sense of the word, by the name of J. W. Thompson, Samuel C., and Henry G.; the Munholland | living at 1013 I street southeast, who, seeing I Jones unwarrantedly applies it to the opening | brothers, Hugh, John, and Leafe; the Rogers | was sick, attended to me right royally, and did everything a man could do. No carriage to be had, of course, I started for quarters. When I reached the Corcoran Building I met with anhad remained on the field until the battle was and Joseph; the Broyles brothers, Joel and other gentleman, who I inquired of how I could get to our place. He took me in his carriage and drove me there. I inquired when I reached there, 'How much?' 'I will charge this to Uncle Sam,' pointing to his button. I found I had met a comrade. I felt so very miserable, referred to, never gave them any particular | Joseph; the Overlan brothers, John and I did not think to inquire his name, which Joseph: the Owens brothers, Joseph and I regret exceedingly, and wish that I did know. Such kind treatment from perfect strangers The 14th Ohio Battery.

W. E. Forbes, Geneva, O., says: "May 13, 1864, this battery moved out with Sherman's army, through Snake Creek Gap, taking position near Resaca, Ga., and commenced shelling the enemy, who were on the opposite bank of the drove from position a formidable rebel battery. after expending 342 rounds of ammunition, and This was the first battle in which the writer gagement, and while the troops were moving into position various bands were discoursing it had upon other comrades, but it made him very homesick. They were also very solemnly impressed, while viewing the erection of Surgeons' tents, preparation for operating-tables. stretchers, etc. In fact, they felt rather blue 27th and 39th Ohio, which gallantly captured and held the first line of rebel works. It was in this line, the next morning, that they saw what they at first supposed were flags of truce, but soon ascertained that the mail had been distributed and our brave lads were reading letters and newspapers. He wonders what the however."

Not All Dead.

J. W. Waller, Co. K. 91st Ill., replying to A L. Sumner, says: "The 91st Ill. boys have not all answered to the last roll call. Many of us are here, and well do we remember the morning we attacked Spanish Fort, Ala. Serg't skirmish-line a few days after, and died in Hospital at New Orleans. An Old Poem.

Marion T. Hutson, Co. I. 29th Ill., wishes to obtain a copy of the poem entitled " All Quiet Along the Potomac," and would thank any comrade who would send the words by mail.

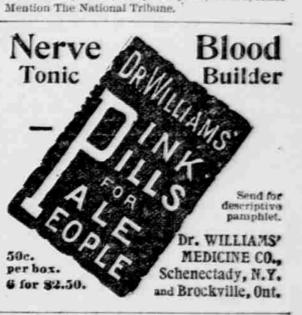
A Mormon Colony in Mexico. A party of 20 Mormon families, comprising in all about 100 people, have settled on a tract of land near Santa Rosalie, Mexico. A Mormon elder succeeded in obtaining a grant from the Mexican Government, and the colony is expeeted to number about 3,000 persons. The concession is a land grant at a nominal cost, and exemption of industries from taxes for 10 years. The most peculiar thing about the grant is that nothing whatever is mentioned in regard to polygamy.

Increase of Customs. A 10-days' statement, issued by the Treasury Department on Wednesday, Jan. 11, shows a gratifying increase in the customs revenues compared with the corresponding period last year. At the port of New York, which collects about two-thirds of the customs revenue of the country, the receipts for the past 10 days have been \$5,346,000, as against \$3,410,000 for the first 10 days of last January. So far this month the Treasury has gained \$2,000,000 in cash over the cash as exhibited by the debt statement issued Jan. 1. Pension payments, however, keep the cash down despite the increased receipts, \$4,100,000 having been paid out on this account the first 10 days of this

month. Don't Tobacco Spit Your Life Away Is the startling, truthful title of a little book just received, telling all about Notobac, the wonderful, harmless, economical, guaranteed oure for the tobacco contains 65 acres, most of which is first-class | habit in every form. Tobacco-users who want to quit and can't, by mentioning THE NATIONAL TRI-BUNE can get the book mailed free. Address THE choice bearing apple trees. He offers to take STERLING REMEDY CO., Box 723, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.



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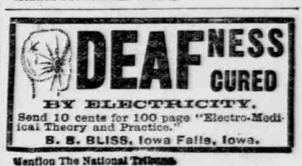
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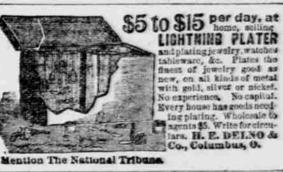
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